





BARBARELLA RECOGNIZED LYTHION BY ITS THREE SATELLITES. THE GALACTIC CHARTS SHOWED IT AS BEING A RELATIVELY HOSPITABLE PLANET. BENEATH THE ASTROSHIP A CONTINENT UNFOLDS, WHICH AT FIRST APPEARS TO THE TRAVELLER TO BE NOTHING BUT A VOLCANIC DESERT... BUT SUDDENLY, NESTLED IN A GIANT CRATER CRYSTALLIA, THE GREAT GREENHOUSE, APPEARS...

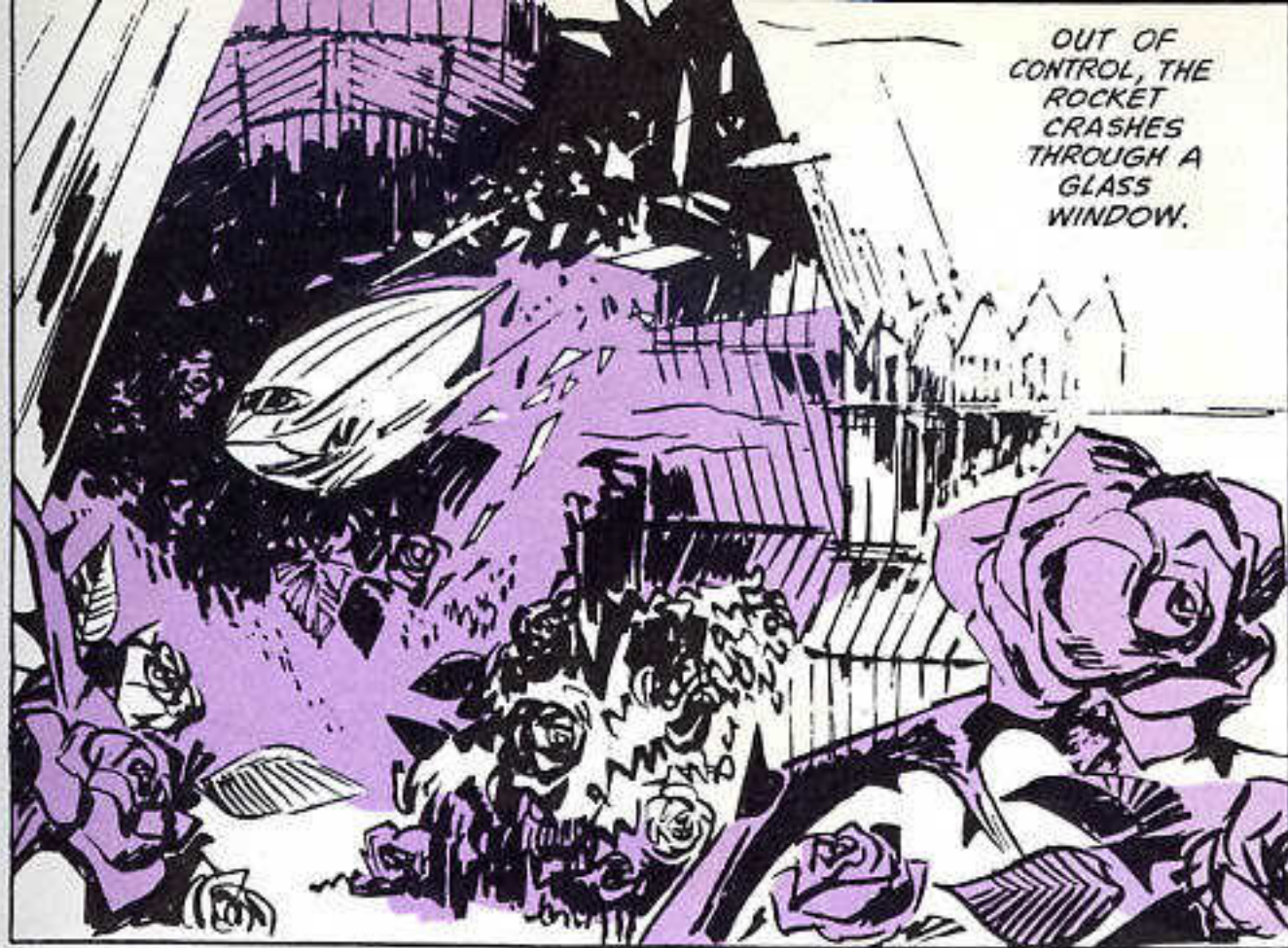


WHAT MISADVENTURES, WHAT DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE HAVE LED THIS GIRL TO WANDER ALONE THROUGH A SOLAR SYSTEM FAR REMOVED FROM OURS...?

FOR DAYS ON END HER ROCKET HAS RACED PAST AIRLESS, LIFELESS WORLDS.... AT LAST, WITH THE HELP OF HER OWN FATIGUE, THE FEATURES OF THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR HER SUFFERING GROW BLURRED ... SHE IS CAPABLE OF CONFRONTING NEW FACES....



A STRONG WIND MAKES IT DIFFICULT TO LAND, AND THE ROCKET CONTROLS RESPOND BADLY... EXHAUSTED, BARBARELLA FEELS HER NERVES BETRAYING HER....



OUT OF
CONTROL, THE
ROCKET
CRASHES
THROUGH A
GLASS
WINDOW.



MIRACULOUSLY, BARBARELLA IS
UNSCATHED...

HURRY, I'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE ... THE ROCKET MAY
CATCH ON FIRE ...





ISOLATE THE
GREENHOUSE
AND PREPARE
THE CRYSTAL
ORGAN FOR
FIRING!...

NO! IT'S NOT
THE ORHOMRS!
IT'S AN ASTRO-
SHIP! MY SISTER
KNAUTIA AND I
SAW IT CRASH
... THE PILOT
MAY STILL
BE ALIVE!...

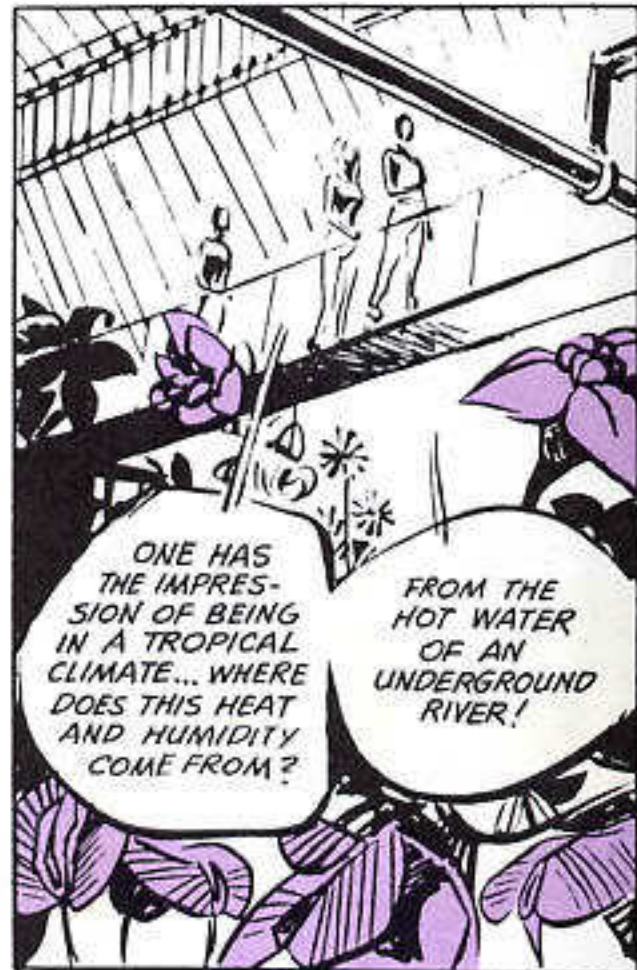


I'M GOING TO BE
SLASHED TO RIBBONS
BY THE DEATH
STRUGGLE OF THE
ROSE BUSHES.
IT'S REALLY TOO
POETIC A DEATH!
OPEN UP!... HELP!...

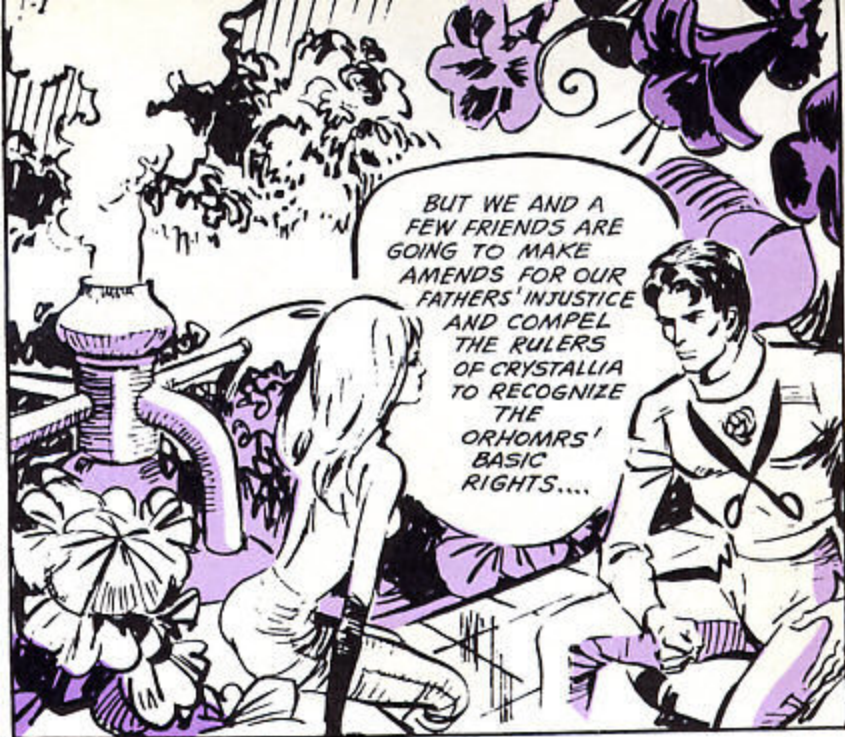


KNAUTIA! I CAN HEAR
SOMEONE CALLING.
WE'VE GOT TO OPEN
THE GREENHOUSE
DOORS!











LOOK AT THEM!...
THEY FRIGHTEN
ME! THEY THROW
THESE ENORMOUS
ROCKS WITHOUT
EVEN TOUCHING THEM.
THEIR THOUGHT
WAVES ARE
STRONG ENOUGH TO
LIFT THE ROCKS....

YOU MEAN
THEIR ANGER
IS STRONG
ENOUGH... I
UNDERSTAND
THEIR HATE....



BUT THEY MAY
DESTROY
CRYSTALLIA...!
WHAT DO THE
ADONIDES DO
TO DEFEND
THEMSELVES?

FOLLOW
ME
AND
YOU'LL
SEE!

THIS
CRYSTAL
ORGAN
SENDS OUT
PARALYZING
MUSIC...
THE
ORHOMRS'
ATTACK
IS A
SUICIDE
OPERATION!

POOR CREATURES!
LOOK HOW MANY OF
THEM ARE FALLING!



THIS ANIMAL IS REALLY HIDEOUS, AND THE
IDEA OF HOLLOWING OUT A SEAT IN ITS
GREASY INSENSITIVE BACK IS COMPLETELY RE-
PELLING... BUT THE STRIULE IS THE ONLY MOUNT
CAPABLE OF BRAVING THE ICY WINDS OF
THE DESERT!









THESE SAVAGES
INTEND TO STONE
ME TO DEATH!...



SUDDENLY, BARBARELLA FEELS HER-
SELF BEING LIFTED OFF THE GROUND,
SUCKED UP, AS THOUGH BY A
POWERFUL CURRENT OF AIR....



HALF UNCONSCIOUS, SHE FLIES
OVER THE TOWERS OF THE VILLAGE.
...AT THE SUMMIT OF SEVERAL
OF THEM, AN ORHOMR...



... IS PERCHED, CONCENTRATING ALL HIS TELEKINETIC POWER IN HER DIRECTION... BUT THIS TIME TO SAVE HER, OF THIS SHE IS CERTAIN....



THE
LANDING
IS A
LITTLE BUMPY
... BUT
THERE WAS
NO OTHER
WAY TO
SAVE
YOU!



AT LAST
AN ORHOMR
WHO
SPEAKS
GALACTIC
ESPERANTO!!

I'M AHAN!
I HEARD
YOU CALLING....
HERE, YOU'RE SAFE,
DRINK A LITTLE
SKIAWOLF, AN
ALCOHOL MADE
FROM RED MOSS....
IT WILL WARM
YOU UP!

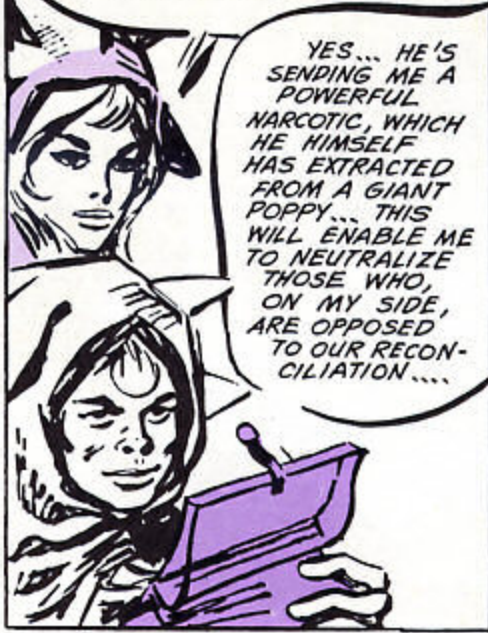
WEARY AND BRUISED, OVERWHELMED
BY WHAT SHE HAD BEEN THROUGH,
BARBARELLA FELT THAT THE ALCOHOL
WOULD NOT BE ENOUGH TO WARM
HER... AND SHE WAS TERRIBLY
CURIOUS TO LEARN HOW AN ORHOMR
EXPRESSES HIS AFFECTIONS....

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL,
EARTH GIRL, AND FIERY...
AND YOU MUST ALSO BE JUST
AND COURAGEOUS IF DIANTHUS
ENTRUSTED YOU WITH A MISSION
TO ME! TELL ME, WHAT
MESSAGE DID YOU
BRING ME?

THE MESSAGE AND THE
COFFER WHICH WENT WITH
IT ARE BACK IN THE
STRUGGLE



DIANTHUS IS FOR A
COMBINED OPERATION. DO
YOU AGREE?



YES... HE'S
SENDING ME A
POWERFUL
NARCOTIC, WHICH
HE HIMSELF
HAS EXTRACTED
FROM A GIANT
POPPY... THIS
WILL ENABLE ME
TO NEUTRALIZE
THOSE WHO,
ON MY SIDE,
ARE OPPOSED
TO OUR RECON-
CILIATION

BARBARELLA WINGS BACK TO
CRYSTALLIA, A MESSENGER
OF HOPE.





JUST WHAT I WAS AFRAID
OF! THEY'VE STATIONED A
GUARD.... FOR US POOR
DEFENSELESS WOMEN,
THERE AREN'T
A DOZEN WAYS
TO SKIN A
CAT!



HEY! WHERE DID
YOU COME FROM?
THAT'S SOME
OUTFIT YOU DON'T
HAVE ON! BUT
DRESSED
THAT OR
ANY OTHER
WAY, NO
ONE'S ALLOWED
NEAR THE
ROCKET...

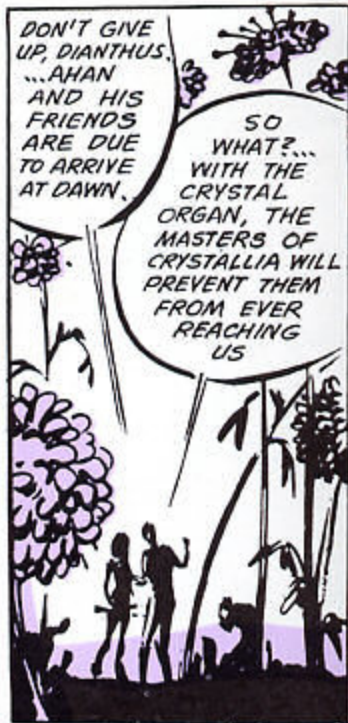


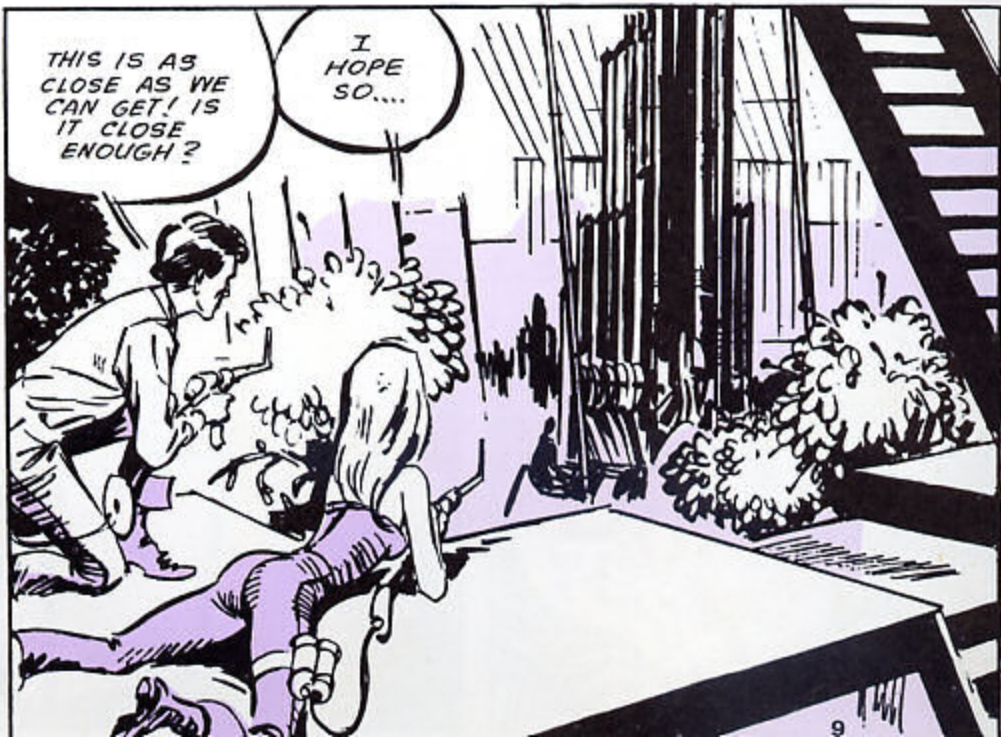
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
AREN'T YOU FEELING
WELL?



*SURPRISED AND UPSET, THE
GUARD BENDS DOWN OVER
THE GRACEFULLY UNCONSCIOUS
GIRL....*









STRIPPED OF THEIR PRINCIPAL
WEAPON, THE ADONIDES WHO ARE
OPPOSED TO ANY RECONCILIATION
WITH THE DESERT PEOPLE GIVE
UP THE STRUGGLE TERRIFIED,
THEY WATCH THEIR ENEMIES
MARCH INTO CRYSTALLIA .
BUT THE INTENTIONS
OF THE ORHOMRS
ARE PEACEABLE
DIANTHUS
WAS RIGHT !

DIANTHUS AND
AHAN HAVE DONE IT
I HAD ALMOST GIVEN
UP HOPE .



AND WHERE DID
DIANTHUS DIG UP
THIS SWEET
YOUNG ORHOMR?
BARBARELLA, YOU
HAVE NO OTHER
ALTERNATIVE.



I'M IN LUCK.... A CARGO
ROCKET HAS JUST LANDED!...
IT'S PROBABLY WAITING
FOR A LOAD OF
FLOWERS....



HELLO THERE, YOU
HANDSOME CAPTAIN.
STILL HAVE A SEAT FOR
ME AMONG THE BLUE
ROSES AND WILD
AMARANTHS?



A SEAT
OF HONOR,
BEAUTIFUL
ORCHID!



BARBARELLA

The Original Comic Strip by Jean-Claude Forest
From the Trans-World English translation 1967